

[kurtz]

My standing line, you're aeroplane...
You're standing line, my aeroplane...
And we're insane...

[call again]

This arms are wasted...
Things, they feel like us...
Surrounding wide spaces...
Will hold you tight...

[tar]

Can't save you, can't save your soul...
Love, save your soul...
Ways, thousand ways...
Swept in a current mess we're in...
Dry desert white...
Everything is behind you...

[east]

Even though the spiders are gone...
Even after all the last warning calls...
And the mirror sands overhead the
clouds drawing so much rain...
Even after all the north was so close...
And we hang up the phones
'cause we thought all was broken moments,
silent corners raising on your own...